Northum. Why that is ſpoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Royall commaunders be in readineſſe,
For with a band of fiftie thouſand men,
Comes *Warwike* backing of the Duke of *Yorke*.
And in the townes whereas they paſſe along,
Proclaimes him king, and manie flies to him,
Prepare your battels, for they be at hand.

Clif. I would your highneſſe would depart the field,
The *Queene* hath beſt ſucceſſe when you are abſent.

Quee. Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.

King. Why thats my fortune, therefore Ile ſtay ſtill.

Clif. Be it with reſolution then to fight.

Prince, Good father cheere theſe noble Lords,
Vnſheath your ſword, ſweet father crie Saint *George*.

Clif. Pitch we our battell heere, for hence wee will not moue.

Enter the houſe of *Yorke*.

Edward. Now periurde *Henrie* wilt thou yeelde thy crowne,
And kneele for mercie at thy ſoueraignes feete?

Queen. Go rate thy minions proud inſulting boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus male pert,
Before thy king and lawfull ſoueraigne?

Edw. I am his king, and he ſhould bend his knee,
I was adopted heire by his conſent.

George. Since when he hath broke his oath.
For as we heare you that are king
Though he doe weare the Crowne,
Haue cauſde him by new act of Parlement
To blot our brother out, and put his owne ſon in.

Clif.

Clif. And reaſon *George*. Who ſhould ſucceede the father but the ſon?

Rich. Are you their butcher?

Clif. I Crookbacke, here I ſtand to anſwere thee, or any of your ſort.

Rich. Twas you that kild yong *Rutland*, was it not?

Clif. Yes, and old *Yorke* too, and yet not ſatisfide.

Rich. For Gods ſake Lords giue ſynald to the fight.

War. What ſaieſt thou *Henry*? wilt thou yeelde thy crowne?

Queen. What, long tongde *War.* dare you ſpeake?
When you and *I* met at ſaint *Albones* laſt,
Your legs did better ſeruice than your hands.

War. I, then twas my turne to flee, but now tis thine.

Clif. You ſaid ſo much before, and yet you fled.

War. Twas not your valour *Clifford*, that droue mee thence.

Northum. No, nor your manhood *Warwike*, that could make you ſtaie.

Rich. Northumberland, Northumberland, wee holde
Thee reuerentlie. Breake off the parlie, for ſcarſe
I can refraine the execution of my big ſwolne
Hart, againſt that *Clifford* there, that
Cruell child-killer.

Clif. Why I kild thy father, calſt thou him a child?

Rich. I like a villaine, and a trecherous coward,
As thou didſt kill our tender brother *Rutland*.
But ere ſunne ſet Ile make thee curſe the deed.

King. Haue doone with wordes great Lordes, and Heare me ſpeake.

Queen. Defie them then, or elſe hold cloſe thy lips.

King.